

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I th' East say pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventigius*.
Enter Ventigius.
You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:
Follow me, and recieve't.

Exeunt

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selues no further: pray you
hasten your Generals after.

Agg. Sir, *Mark Antony*, will e'ne but kisse *Octavia*,
and wee follow.

Lepi. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse,
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Meca. We shall: as I conceiue the iourney, be at
Mount before you *Lepidus*.

Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you'll win two dayes vpon me.

Both. Sir good successe.

Lepi. Farewell.

Exeunt

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musicke: Musicke, moody food
of vs that trade in Loue.

Omnes. The Musicke, ho.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards: come *Charmian*.

Char. My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as
with a woman. Come you'll play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Thought't come to short

The Actor may pleade pardon. He none now,
Giue me mine Angle, wee to'th' Riuer there

My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce

Their slony iawes: and as I draw them vp,
He thinke them euery one an *Anthony*,

And say, ah hazy' are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Ang-
ling, when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke

which he with feruencie drew vp.

Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I haught him out of patience: and that night

Haught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:

Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.

Mef. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Anthony's* dead,
If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Mistis:

But well and free, if thou so yeild him,
There is Gold, and here

My blewest vaines to kisse: a hand that Kings
Haue lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mef. First Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold,
But firrah make, we vse

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr

Downe thy ill vttering throat.

Mef. Good Madam heare me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will:

But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull; so tart a fauour
To trumpet such good tidings. I fnot well,
Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Mef. Wilt please you heare me?

Cleo. I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet if thou say *Anthony* liues, 'tis well,

Or friends with *Cesar*, or not Captiue to him,
He set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile

Rich Pearles vpon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And Friends with *Cesar*.

Cleo. Th'art an honest man.

Mef. *Cesar*, and he, are greater Friends then euer.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mef. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, sic vpon but yet,

But yet is as a taylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,

Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cesar*,

In state of heal th thou saist, and thou saist, free.

Mef. Free Madam, no: I made no such report,
He's bound vnto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turne?

Mef. For the best turne I th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian*.

Mef. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence vpon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Mef. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What say you?

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes
Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,

She bales him up and downe.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and strew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mef. Gracious Madam,

I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Prouince I will giue thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st

Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guift beside

Thy modestie can begge.

Mef. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liu'd too long. Draw a knife.

Mef. Nay then Ile runne.

What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault. Exit.

Char. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:
Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures

Turne all to Serpents. Call the flauie againe,
Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?

Char. He is as feard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike

A meane then my selfe: since I my selfe
Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is neuer good
To bring bad newes: giue to a gracious Message

An

An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themselues, when they be felt.

Mef. I haue done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser then I do,

If thou againe say yes.

Mef. He's married Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee,

Dost thou hold there still?

Mef. Should I ye Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:

So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Cesterne for scald Snakes. Go get thee hence,

Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me,
Thou would'st appeere most vgly: He is married?

Mef. I craue your Highnesse pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punish me for what you make me do

Seemes much vnequall, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee,
That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,

The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:

Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.

Char. Good your Highnesse patience.

Cleo. In praying *Anthony*, I haue disprais'd *Cesar*.

Char. Many times Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Irax*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.

Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*: her yeares,

Her inclination, let him not leaue out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,

Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall she is: pittie me *Charmian*,

But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Flouri. Enter *Pompey*, at one doore with Drum and Trum-
pet: at another *Cesar*, *Lepidus*, *Anthony*, *Enobarbus*, *Me-*

cenus, *Agrippa*, *Menas* with Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hostages I haue, so haue you mine:
And we shall talke before we fight.

Cesar. Most meete that first we come to words,
And therefore haue we

Our written purposes before vs sent,
Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,

If'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicellie much tall youth,

That else must perish heere.

Pom. To you all three,

The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,

Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,
Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since *Julius Cesar*,

Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghorted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't

That mou'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made all-honor'd, honest, *Romaine Brutus*,

With the arm'd drest, Courtiers of beaustious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would

Haue one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,

The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant

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